

# THE MERCEDITH EAGLE.

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VOL. IV.

## "ONLY A SISTER TO HIM."

Hollid his face in the starlight dim,  
And all that he saw was a round, dull sky;  
And the stars that twinkled looked like him,  
Like the gleaming of the dew-drops,  
The new moon hung in an awkward shape  
And was crooked and bent like the horn of a ram.

The sombre maples seemed hung with drapery,  
And the garden gate looked to him like a slain  
old.

The brook coasted over the slimy stones  
From stagnant pools in the meadow marsh;  
Or it crooned along with plaintive moans,  
And the song of the whip-poor-will was harsh.

He labored his ribs on the clumsy stile,  
For dark as pitch was the dusky lane;  
And his thin lips curved in a bitter smile,  
As he gazed the weeds with a spiteful gaze.

Rough and dry and long was the way,  
The skies were dull and the earth was cold;  
He hated the night and he dreaded the day,  
And his heart seemed a hundred centuries old.

With the drip of his sighs he timed his tread,  
As one who pondered bitter things;  
But he only whispered, with drooping head,  
And a heart that wondered—"Kicked by fate!"

ROBERT J. BONDRETT.

## HOW PEOPLE HIDE MONEY.

A DETECTIVE'S REMINISCENCES.

"I have been sent for very often in my time," said an elderly detective, "to search for money concealed by eccentric people. There was more of this hiding away of cash forty years ago than there is now, owing probably to the doubtful character of some of the old savings banks. Still there is more of it now than most people suppose, and whenever a bank breaks the teapots and old stockings come into use again. Then, too, there are persons who have a delight in concealing money in such a way that they can get a sight at it now and then, or at the place in which it is concealed. "What is my method of search? Well, I can hardly say, in detective work set methods are only too apt to defeat the ends for which they are put in operation. Our proceedings depend wholly upon circumstances. The character, habits, and surroundings of the concealer have to be considered. A knowledge of human nature and an aptitude for perceiving the significance of certain classes of facts are especially needed.

"For instance I was once sent for to find the money of a man over in New Jersey who had died suddenly, and left no visible trace of his wealth. The family had made a careful, systematic search before I arrived. I learned that he was not miserly, and inferred that he had not used any of those complicated methods of concealment which are often used by the miser. The doctors helped us here. 'You had better examine the gentleman's body,' they said. We did so, and found a hole in the wall of the hip, and blue marks on the knee and elbow. He had fallen sideways over an object not over sixteen inches high, and having a narrow, rounded edge of metal, for an iron mark was found on the clothing. Every piece of furniture in the house was inspected, but to no purpose. The heirs apparent were in despair. But my partner and I began to be hopeful.

"In detective work, whenever you come upon some detail that seems utterly inexplicable, that is the thing which of all others must be explained; and you feel, moreover, that in solving the difficulty you will come nearer to some unknown way to your point. We took all night to think the matter over. Then my partner said, 'How about the cellar?' That's where the household metal is." They all laughed. "He hasn't been there in a year," they said. We went down. My partner glanced quickly around, and then gave me a look that I can almost feel running through my nerves to this day. He had discovered some common household articles which had not been used since the family had been searching the fireplaces. He was, in fact, looking over a lot of old coats. 'There is our metal edge,' he said. He turned the coats over carefully, and from out a mass of waste paper, there rolled at last the thirty-two thousand dollars' worth of bonds. The paralysis had fallen over the head, and the money had dropped into it among his waste papers. Before the general search was made, all 'rubber' had been taken to the cellar. Our friends had sought too deeply for what they had supposed to be concealed money, and had grossly neglected the science of the obvious. Some detectives do precisely the same thing. My partner and I divided the five thousand dollars between us that night.

"Yes, they hide money in queer enough places. I have found it in the covers of old family Bibles, behind mirrors, in the bored-out logs of chairs, behind cupboard nailed tightly to the walls, in false ceilings, balusters, pin-cushions, in the lining of old hats, in clocks, stoves, and bronze images, in vases with the bottoms covered inside with plaster of Paris, in black bottles weighted with mercury and marked poison, in canes, shoes, and vest linings, in tomato cans, and tea caddies, in cracked walls covered with wall paper, in all sorts of bedsteads and upholstered places.

"What is the best way to conceal money? I can't say; but I will tell you about a man whose method was a good deal talked about at the time among the detectives. He was a bachelor, and well known as a 'concealer.' He died of heart disease, in Broome street, some years ago. Many attempts had been made to rob him, but without success. Thieves ran off one night with all his clothing, and ripped it to pieces, only to be disappointed. When he died, everything was broken up to find his money. The cellar had been dug out to the extent of three feet, the roof broken apart, and the eaves examined to no purpose. When they

and the form well laid off, he surveyed it himself.

"These words kept coming to my mind. The man hadn't concealed the money in the house, that was evident; nor in the barn, for he wouldn't have done that. Why should he use the roots of trees or stones, if he knew how to survey? The thought came like a flash.

"Where was the old gentleman in the habit of sitting? I asked.

"Oh, he almost always sat by that window," said the brother, "but we've pulled everything to pieces around there."

"Sit down just as he did." The man sat down.

"In which direction was he most apt to look?"

"Nowhere in particular; out of the window generally."

"Toward the barn?"

"No, this way."

"I followed the look; it was in the line of an old, used-up pump."

"Which way did he walk when he went out to the field?"

"Over to the pump, and then made a bee line for the pond."

"These answers had a certain significance. Men like to have the place of concealment in sight, and it is well known that they will often walk over money they have buried to see that the spot is undisturbed. I had the pump taken up and the excavations made—no money. The pump was replaced. I entered the room once more and stood by the window. Suddenly I saw a faint but peculiar-looking mark on the sill; it was a surveyor's point. I lined it up to the pump, measured out to the exact centre of the line, and the digging began. A two-inch steam pipe was struck at a depth of four feet. The end was plugged; I took home a \$500 bill that night.

"I had a curious case two years ago. A wealthy man had been attacked with partial paralysis, and his speech and the greater part of his memory had left him. He wrote out the question, 'Where did I put my money?' The amount was large, \$32,000 in bonds, which he had been about to take to a safe deposit building. The heirs were wild. I stopped all the tearing up and cushion-picking business, for the man was not a concealer, though it was supposed by the doctors that he had left the attack coming on and had put the money in some out-of-the-way place. Just how or in what spot in his library he had fallen, could not be made out. After a day's reflection my partner and I had to conclude that he had been robbed. Two courses were open to us; we could make sudden arrests without any real evidence, always a hateful course for a good detective to take, or we must find the exact spot where the man fell and the money was hidden. The doctors helped us here. 'You had better examine the gentleman's body,' they said. We did so, and found a hole in the wall of the hip, and blue marks on the knee and elbow. He had fallen sideways over an object not over sixteen inches high, and having a narrow, rounded edge of metal, for an iron mark was found on the clothing. Every piece of furniture in the house was inspected, but to no purpose. The heirs apparent were in despair. But my partner and I began to be hopeful.

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were clearing out the rubbish, just after I arrived, some one knocked down a rickety shelf above the mantelpiece, which was covered with old letters, medicine phials, dusty newspaper scraps, and other worthless rubbish. A quarter of an hour later one of the heirs, a girl of six years, was found seated on the floor in a pile of bank notes, to which she had vainly attempted to call her mother's attention on account of their pretty pictures.

"That 'concealer' was the only really deep one I ever knew. The lady paid a high compliment to the gentleman's sensibility when she remarked: 'Why, no one would ever have thought of looking up there for money.'"

A Minnesota Tornado.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe, writing from Minnesota, describes a tornado in that section as follows:

A cloud, black as the raven's wing, appeared in the west. Suddenly it split, and between the two black trains expanded the most fearful, dismal sky I ever saw. The color was green—gray—yellow, and it darkened the sun so it became as twilight. The carpenters had gathered together with us on the porch.

"This must be a hailstorm," one of them said; "now we will pretty soon hear of disasters."

The grocery man's eyes had begun to stick out as the hail continued, as though the statistics had never been brought to his attention before, but he would give up his old friend, the rain, and said, "Well, Solomon's wives must have been different from our wives of the present day."

"Not much," said the boy, as he seen he was paralyzing the grocery man. "Women have been about the same ever since Eve. And it stands to reason that Solomon's wives were no better than the mother of the human race. Statistics show that each woman told you she had a husband, and that of every ten in red headed. That of Solomon an even hundred red headed wives. Just that hundred red headed wives would be enough to make an ordinary man think that there was a land that is fairer than this. Then he would be out of the other nine hundred, and about three hundred blondes, and the other six hundred would be brunettes, and maybe he had a few albinos, and bearded women, and dwarfs. Now, those thousand women had appetites, desires for dress and style, the same as all women. Imagine Solomon saying to them, 'Girls, let's eat and drink and be merry, for we shall die.' 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